**Kitchen**

My stomach starts growling by the time I get home, and the faint scent of food that my nose picks up as I open the door does not help to quell the growing pain in my stomach.

Mom (waving smile): Oh, you’re home. Welcome back.

Pro: I’m back. What’s for dinner?

Mom (neutral smiling): Fried rice.

Pro: Great, I’m starving.

Mom (neutral smiling): Good.

Mom (neutral smiling\_nervous): Recently you haven’t been eating much, so it’s good to see you’ve started to regain your appetite.

Pro: Really? I think I’ve been eating normally.

Mom (neutral worried): Well, you’ve been eating a little less than usual.

Pro: I see.

I start to take off my shoes before realizing that I forgot to clean them before stepping inside.

Pro: Ah…

Mom (neutral smiling\_nervous): It’s alright. Take them back outside and clean them off, and when you come back in dinner will be ready.

My mom walks back into the kitchen while I start to scrape the dirt off my shoes. It’s actually quite satisfying, and I can’t help but feel a little sad when I finish up.

As I stand up to go outside, I suddenly start to feel dizzy, but after a moment the feeling passes. I guess talking that much did take its toll on me…

Dinner and then a nap sounds good.